

A script from



“Encounters With Christ: Mary of Bethany”

by
The Skit Guys

- What** Her brother had been raised from the dead. Her family was friends with Jesus. Listen as Mary talks about anointing Jesus’ feet with oil. Use in the weeks leading up to Easter and it’s a great video for your Wednesday night service.
Themes: Easter, Jesus, Sacrifice
- Who** Mary of Bethany
- When** After the crucifixion
- Wear (Props)** Modern day clothes are fine, but feel free to wear a Bible-times costume.
- Why** John 12:1-8
- How** Keep the dialogue conversational and be careful not to over-act. It helps to have someone watch and direct.
- Time** Approximately 3-5 minutes

Mary has had to live with the criticism of the people around town. That night, what she did- even though it was a perfect gift for Jesus and HE got it- most did not. Especially after the rumor mill started and for the people that weren't in the room that night...

Mary: My sister asked me, "Mary, now exactly what was the purpose of that 'little scene' you caused right there in the middle of dinner?"
All I could say was, "it was just something I could do."
Maybe I'm getting ahead of myself. Let me back up.

Meeting Jesus...I guess I just never thought He might be so...personable. One who would come to our home and have dinner with our family, laugh at our jokes and tell a few himself. Sitting with Him made everything else seem less important.

So that night, right before Passover, we wanted to honor Jesus for all He'd done for our family. Looking back...realizing the world was against Him...it would have been better to just let Him know that we were united and all on His side. We missed an opportunity there... *(as if she is lost in that night re-tracing her steps; back to her story.)*

Where was I? Ah, yes, we decided to have a dinner to honor Jesus. How exactly do you thank someone for bringing your brother back to life? Martha had prepared one of her perfect meals and me? What could I do?

I decided to give up something that was most precious to me. But precious things, given to Jesus...are never wasted. And I knew, as soon as I did it, it was obvious. Some people weren't pleased with my choice. It wasn't planned. It was spur of the moment. I let my hair down in public, which you just don't do. And then I wiped His feet with it. I poured out an expensive, perfumed oil to honor Him, and that smell...just filled the whole house.

That night, if I would have stayed paralyzed in fear of what my sister thought, the anger of the onlookers, or even what a disciple could say. I might have never worshiped him the way I did. And the fragrance...it stayed there for days and days. It's funny, because at His feet none of their opinions mattered much. And Jesus *(smiles at the thought)* came to my defense.

So why did I do it? It was all I had to give. And just days after Jesus would be pouring out all He had. For us. For me.

Lights fade.